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ΓΗΡΑΟΣ ΘΕΛΚΤΗΡΙΑ.

τὸν σταγόσιν κούφοις τερπόμενον.

ἐκ Παλ. Επιγ.

Canning Stratford
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by Lord Strafford

ΕΝ ΛΟΝΔΙΝΩ·
παρὰ Υἱμάννῳ καὶ Υἱοῖς,
πρὸς τῷ Ποιητῇ ἰδιωτικῶς ἐκτετυπωμένον,
ϡωόδ'.

THE following attempts at composition in the language and metres of ancient Greece require a few words of explanation on going to print, though merely for private distribution. The ideas which they embrace were written down as they came into the author's mind; and the object of putting them into verse was no other than to give some passing interest to the vacant hours of an old man's life. He could not trust the recollections of his school-boy days after a lapse of nearly seventy years, without confirming them by reference to authority, and on this account he must own himself deeply indebted to the unrivalled lexicon of Liddell and Scott. He purposely avoided all distinction of time and place in point of dialect, except perhaps in the verses to Sappho, which seemed to demand a special treatment; and he could hardly do otherwise, considering the variety of his topics, and their total want of connection. The lines in English, which follow, were written from the same motive which prompted the Greek originals. In many parts they have the freedom of versions rather than the accuracy of translations.

ΓΗΡΑΟΣ ΘΕΛΚΤΗΡΙΑ.

I.

Ἔστι Θεοῦ δῶρον βίος, ἀνδράσιν ἱρὸν ἄγαλμα
Ὁππότε τοῖς ἄλλοις πλείονα δῶρα φέρει.
Ἐς τέλος ἐξ ἀρχῆς ὅτ' ἐπιρρέει οἶος, ἄχρηστος,
Ἔστι μόνον θηρῶν ἄξιος, οὐ μερόπων.

II.

Οὔτινος, ἀνθρώπων ὃς ἔτ' ἐστὶν ὑπείροχος ἄλλων,
Αἰετὸς ὥς, φέρεται θυμὸς ἀν' ὀρθὸν ἄνω.
Οὐ νόσος, οὐ δύναται πενίη σχεῖν τῆς φρενὸς ὁρμὴν
Ἁψαμένης καθαροῦ πνεύματος οὐρανόθεν.
Αἴ κεν ἐᾷ Θεὸς ἀνδρὶ χερείονι τηλόθ' ἕπεσθαι,
Οὗτος ἄγαν μογέων τὴν ὁδὸν ἐξανύσει.
Ἀμφοτέρων μὲν ὁμῶς κοινὴ πόνος ἐστὶν ἐδωδή,
Αἶνος τοῦδε γέρας, δόξα τε τοῦ προτέρου.

III.

Σοί γ' εἰ Μοῖρα φίλη, βιότου ἐν ἀγωνι τὶς ἔστω·
Εἰ στυγερή, μίμνειν χρή σε δίκαιον ἀεί.

IV.

Εὖ δράσας τὸ σὸν ἔργον ὅλως ἀπέλαυνε μέριμναν·
Ὀρθὴν γὰρ βαίνεις, ὦ φίλε, ποσσὶν ὁδόν.
Τὴνδε πάλαι καὶ νῦν ἔθ' ὁδὸν βεβάασιν ἄριστοι,
Γῆς ἔπ' ἐρίζοντες τεύχεσιν, ἠδ' ἐφ' ἁλός.
Ζῶντά σε τῶν ἀνδρῶν θάμβος τε καὶ ἕσπεται αἶνος,
Τ' οὔνομα σὸν ζήσει τύμβος ὅτ' ἐστι κόνις.
Ἔργα τὰ σᾶν χειρῶν παραδείξει πᾶσι κέλευθον,
Καὶ μὴν ταῖς γενεαῖς ὕστερον ἐσσομέναις.

V.

Ἄνθεά μοί γ' ἀδόντι ῥόδον, τὸ ῥόδον πολύφυλλον,
Πάντοθ' ἀριστεύειν δοκέει, καὶ πᾶσιν ἀρέσκειν·

Ἔστι θέρευς μέγα κῦδος· ἔχει τίς δ' οὐ ῥόδα χώρη;
Τῶν ζεφύρων ἐπίκουρος, ἀηδόνος ἐστὶν ἑταῖρος·
Ἐν δείπνοις τὰ ῥόδα στεφάναις ξενίαισι δίδωσιν
Αἴγλην εὖ χαρίεσσαν, ὁμῶς δ' ὅταν οὐκέτι φαιδρά,
Ἡδύ τι καὶ καλὸν ἐκ πετάλων περὶ δώματ' ἴησι.

VI.

Ὀγκᾶταί τις ὄνος· ψόφον αὐξάνει Ἠχώ· ἀκούειν
Συγγενέων φθογγὴν οἴεται αὐτὸς ὄνων.
Καυχᾶταί τις φαῦλος, ἐπαινοῦσίν τε λαλοῦντα
Οἱ κόλακες· κλέος, ὦ νήπιε! τοῦτο καλεῖς;

VII.

Ἐγγὺς στῆ Θάνατος, πέπτωκε τὸ σῶμα χαμᾶζε·
Ἡ τ' ἔφυγεν ψυχή· τίς δ' ἴδε τὰς πτέρυγας;
Ἦ ῥα γόος θαλάμων δία φωνεῖ, καὶ μέγ' ὄδυρμα,
Ἄλλον δ' οἱ μάκαρες ξεῖνον ἔχουσι Θεοί.

VIII.

Ἡμετέρην γενεὰν δέκα κοιρανέουσι τύραννοι,
　　Ἀνθρώπων ἐπὶ νοῦν, ὡς θρόνον, ἑζόμενοι.
Τ' οὐνόμαθ' ὧν ὁπόταν θυμῷ φρονέοντι θεωρῶ,
　　Ἐμπίπτει, σχιὴ ὡς, αἶψά τι λυγρόν ἐμοι.
Ἔστι Κότος, Φθόνος ἐστὶ κακὸς, Ποινή τε καὶ Ἔχθος·
　　Ὃς κινεῖ μαλακὴν Ζῆλος ἄγαν κραδίην.
Αἰσχρῶν ἠδ' ἀδίκων μήτηρ Φιλοτιμία ἔργων·
　　Ἥσσων τῶν σιάλων ἐστὶν ὁ Λίχνος ἀνήρ·
Ἀντὶ Θεοῦ σέβεταί γε Φιλάργυρος εἰκόνα κωφήν·
　　Πολλοὺς ἧκεν Ἔρως εἰς Ἀΐδαο δόμον.
Τῶν Παθέων ἔτι Μοῦσα θέλει γ' ἓν μοῦνον ἀριθμεῖν.
　　Τίς Φόβον ἀγνοιεῖ ;—τίς Σε, κάκιστε κακῶν ;
Οὗτος γὰρ προσάγει κίνδυνον ὃν ἤθελε φεύγειν·
　　Μοῖρα μετ' αἰσχύνης τὸν τρομέοντα δαμᾷ.

IX.

Τέσσαρες ἦσαν ἀδελφοὶ ἐν Ἑλλάδι, παῖδες Ἀθηνῶν,
　　Οἷς χειρῶν ῥώμη καλὸν ἔδωκε βίον.
Τῶνδε δύω κεραμεῖς, ἕτεροι ποίησαν ὀϊστούς,
　　Χρηστοὶ ἐν εἰρήνῃ, χρήσιμοι ἐν πολέμῳ·
Οὕτως πλούτησαν καιρῷ, φίλοι ὄντες, ἑκάστῳ,
　　Δεῖ τοίοις τελέειν, Παλλάς, Ἄρες τε, φόρον.

X.

Τοῖς γναθμοῖς ὁ λέων, κεράεσσιν ταῦρος ἐρίζει,
Ἔγχεσιν αἰχμηταὶ, τοῖς ἐπέεσσι σοφοί·
Ἀνθρώποις δὲ μόνοις τεύχειν φόνου ὅπλα προσήκει,
Καλὰ δὲ καὶ θυμοῦ δῶρα λόγῳ προφέρειν.

XI.

Ἥρωος στίλβει θώρηξ, ὡς ἀγλαὸς ἀστήρ,
Εἴ ποτ' ἄῤ ἀκτῖνας τῷδ' ἐφέηκε κλέος·
Λυγρὰ δὲ θρήνεα ταῖς νίκης μίγνυνται αὐταῖς,
Πάμφαινόν τ' ἐσθλων αἷμ' ἐμίηνε σάκος.

XII.

Ἀλλοδάπων χώρᾳ ποτ' ὁδοιπόρος εὐρὺν ἵκανεν
Ἐς ποταμόν, καὶ μὴν ἄνδρα τιν' ἐγγὺς ἰδών
Τὸν ποταμὸν πῶς, εἶπε, καλεῖς; ἀπαμείβετο δ' ἄλλος,
Τόνδε καλεῖ μηδείς· ἔρχεται αὐτόματος.

XIII.

Μὴ φοβέου γ', ὁ λέων δεῦρ' ἔρχεται, εἴ που ἀκούεις,
    Πολλάκις ἐνδύνει δέρμα λέοντος ὄνος.
Εὖ μελετᾷ δ' ἀρνῶν, ὅτε φαίνεται αὔλιος ἀστήρ,
    Ἀρνακὶς ἐγκρύπτῃ τὸν λύκον ἀρνοφάγον.
Οἶδά τινας βιπόδους ἰδίαις ἐνὶ δέρμασιν ἀρκτούς,
    Οἶδα καὶ εὔμορφον νοῦν δασὺ δέρμα φέρειν.

XIV.

Ἐλπίδος ἡ σὺ κασιγνήτη, νείου τ' ἐνιαυτοῦ
    Πρωτογένης, τρὶς δὴ χαῖρε, φίλιστον Ἔαρ.
Σοὶ, Θέρος ὦ πολύανθες, ἔρως τε καὶ ἦδος ὀπηδεῖ,
    Οὐ ψυχρῶς Σὲ φιλεῖ Φοῖβος ὀϊστοφόρος.
Ἔρχεται ἄλλος ὁ καῖρος, ὅθ' ἱρὸν Παλλάδι δένδρον,
    Καρπός τ', ἡ θάλλει σῖτον ἅμα σταφυλῇ.
Χρῶμα δὲ μὴν ταχέως δύνει Χειμῶνος Ὀπώρη,
    Πανταχῆ ἐστι χιών, φύλλα τε πάντα χαμαί.
Εὐφροσύνη δὲ γελᾷ δνοφεροῦ χειμῶνος ὑπ' ἀχλύν,
    Κερδαίνουσι δόμοι πόλλ' ἁ θύραζ' ἔθανεν.

XV.

Χεῖρες καὶ πόδες ἀΐσσειν προπάροιθ' ἐθέλησαν.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ Νοῦς εἶπεν· Μίμνετ', ἐγὼ πρότερος.

XVI.

Μήποτ' ἀνεύθυνον μούνῳ κράτος ἀνδρὶ νεμέσθω.
Ἠπεδανὸς γὰρ ἄγαν ἐσθ' ὁ περισσὸς ἀνήρ.

XVII.

Ὅστις τὰ κοινὰ τῆς πόλεως οἰκεῖν θέλει,
Σαφῶς ὀφέλλει τὴν φύσιν, νόμους τέ πως,
Τὸν κόσμον οἳ δέουσι, πρόσθε μανθάνειν.
Ἀνὴρ γάρ ἐστι χρημάτων ὅλων μέρος,
Καὶ δὴ μετ' ἄλλων δεῖ τὰ πάντα συμφέρειν.

XVIII.

Σχέτλιος εἰ μηδὲν σὺ φιλεῖς ἀπάνευθε σεαυτοῦ,
Τίς μερόπων οἴσει πήματι σῷ φιλίαν;
Εὔνοος, οὐ πτέρυγας ἔτ' ἔχων, ἐνὶ δώματι μίμνῃ,
Ὕστερον ἡ μελέτη πατρίδος αὐτὸν ἔχῃ.

Εἶτα φιλάνθρωπος γεγονὼς πτέρα μακρὰ τινάσσει,
    Σμικρὴ ἄνω πταμένῳ πᾶσα μαλ' αἶα πέλει.
Φαίνεταί οἵ ῥα πένης καὶ ὁ πένθιμος ὥσπερ ἀδελφός,
    Οὐδὲν ὀϊζυρὸν τηλόθ' οἱ ἐστὶ λιήν.
Οὐρανίη χάρις εὐνοίας ἔργ' ἄφθιτα τέγγει,
    Πὰρ τε ποδῶν οἱ χθὼν δῶρ' ἐρίτιμα χέει.

XIX.

Χρηστὸς ὁ Δῆμος ὅταν τις ἄγαν θέλει οἷος ἀνάσσειν,
    Ἔστι νόμων, κοινοῦ λήμματός· ἐστι φύλαξ.
Ἀλλ' ὅτ' ὁ Δῆμός ἀρ' αὐτὸς ὑπέρσχων λαμβάνει ἀρχήν,
    Μητιετῶν πληθὺς κέρδεα μικρὰ φύει·
Ἡ παθέων ὀργὴ τὸν Δῆμον πολλάκις ὦρσεν,
    Ἧς ὕπο καὶ Μῆτις καὶ Θέμις ἐξέφυγεν.

XX.

Ὡς δοκεῖ, ἐξ Ἀσίης προτέροις σὺν γράμμασιν ἦλθεν
Εἰδώλων θεράπευμα, κακῆς τε τυραννίδος ἀλκή.
Γαῖά τε Νειλογένης, θείων γενέτειρα πελώρων,
Πήμαθ' ὅμοι' εἰς Εὐρώπην ὑγίεσσαν ἔπεμψεν.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τούτων κακοποιὰ μιάσματ' Ἀχαιῶν
Ὑψηλοῖς ἄντησαν ἄκροις, ἅτ' ὀρείαδες αὖραι
Ψυχρὰ περιπνείουσ', ἴσχοντοθ' ἄρ', ᾗ, προβέβηκεν
Ὡς χρόνος, ἔκλιναν, καὶ ἐν ἐσκίδναντο τελευτῇ.
Δὴ τότ' ἐν Εὐρώπῃ φρένες ἀνδρῶν δέσματ' ἔλυσαν,
Καὶ σὺν ἐλευθερίῃ, τέχναι καὶ Μοῦσα τέθηλαν,
Καὶ φρόνεως ὁ μέγας δρόμος ἔθνεσι πᾶσιν ἀνῳχύη.

XXI.

Αἰῶνός ἐστιν τοῦδε τὸ γνῶναι κλέος·
Αὐτὰρ παλαιοῖς πόλλ' ὀφείλομεν χρόνοις,
Ὑμῶν, Ἀθῆναί, σοῦ τε, παγκρατὴς Πόλις,
Ἐσμὲν μαθηταί· μηδαμῶς διδάσκαλοι,
Ἢν μὴ χρόνοισιν ὑστέροις, βουλῇ Θεῶν,
Ἡμῖν διδάσκειν βαρβάρους τινὰς τύχῃ.
Τόδ' οὖν ἀληθὲς ἐν φρεσὶν πρέπει τρέφειν·
Τὰ καλὰ σώζειν, ἢ τὰ πρόσθεν αὐξάνειν,
Οὐκ ἐστι μεῖον ἢ τὰ καινὰ προσφέρειν.

XXII.

Οὐ μέγ' ἔχεις μόνον οὔνομ', ἀληθινὸν εἶ δέ σὺ χρῆμα.
Οὐριβάτης νύμφη, θείη Ἐλευθερίη!
Ζωὴν ταῖς πόλεσιν, σὺ καὶ ἀγροῖς ὄλβον ἔδωκας,
Φωνῇ ὅλην γενεάν, ὡς ἕνα, δρᾶν κέλεαι.

Σοὶ πτέρα πᾶν κίνημα φέρει· ἐνὶ βένθεσιν ὕλης,
Σοῖς τ' ἐπὶ κύμαθ' ἁλὸς πόσσι κέλευθον ἔχεις.
Ἀλλά μοι ἀτρεκες εἶπε, τίς ἐστιν ἐλεύθερος ἀνδρίων;
Τίς δ' ἀρ' ἀληθείως χρῆται ἐλευθερίῃ;
Κοιρανέει πολλοὺς ὁ πόνος, πενίη δὲ καὶ ἄλλους,
Πολλάκις ἰσχυρὸν σῶμα νόσῳ δέδεται,
Βάκχος ἄγει δούλους, καὶ Ἔρως φρένα πᾶσιν ἀνάσσει,
Οἱ δοῦλοι δ' αὐτῆς ἐστὶν Ἐλευθερίης.
Τῆς εἴδωλα Θεᾶς ἔχομεν, πλέονες δὲ σέβονται·
Ἀνθρώπων ῥήσσει δέσμα μόνος Θάνατος.

XXIII.

Πάντες ἀλήθειαν μύθοις αἰνοῦσι· τίς ἀνδρῶν
Ψεῦδος ἐν αἰσχύναις οὐ κατα μοῖραν ἔχει;
Εἶπε τί δὴ τὸ γ' ἀληθές· πρᾶγμ' οὖν ἢ λόγος ἐστίν;
Πρᾶγμ' ἔτυμον σαφέως, εἴδεα πολλὰ φέρον.
Εἶδος ἄριστον· ἀληθείας δοκεῖ ἔμμεναι ἔργον,
Ἀλλ' οὐ παντοδαποῖς φαίνεται ἔργον ὁμόν·
Τυγχάνει ἀνθρώπῳ πίπτειν, θνήσκειν τ' ἐν ἀγυιαῖς,
Λευσσόντων προφέρει δόξαν ἕκαστος ἑήν.
Πάντες ἀληθεύειν ἐθέλουσ', ἀλλ' ἐν φρεσὶν αὐτῶν
Ἡ νημερτείας ποικίλη ἐστὶ φύσις.

Οἴομεθ' ἦθος, ὃ μὴ τράπεται, μάλ' ἀληθινὸν εἶναι·
　　Πνεῦμα τὸ γ' εὐσεβίας ἤλυθεν ἐκ νεφέων·
Τῶν γραφέων ὁ μὲν εἰκάζων σκοπὸν εὖ μάλ' ἀκριβῶς
　　Δείκνυσθαι δένδρου πάντα τὰ φύλλα πονεῖ.
'Αλλὰ νόμοις ὅδε τοῦ λευκο-σκιοίντος ὀπηδῶν
　　Πράγματος ὀφθαλμοῖς φαίνει ὅλου δύναμιν.
Αὖτις ἀληθείας φύσις ἐστὶ καὶ ἐνθάδε διπλῆ·
　　Πηγὴν τὴν καθαρὴν μοῦνος Ὄλυμπος ἔχει.

XXIV.

'Εν χώρῳ τινὶ, ποῦ γῆς οὐ γνωστόν, ποτ' ἔναιεν,
Μοῦνος ἐών, 'Ιητρός, ὅλῃ περιοικίδ' ὄνειαρ,
Ἔμπειρός τ' ἀγαθός τε· καὶ ἐγγύς, μητρὸς ἐν οἴκῳ,
Παῖς ἔβιωσε πένης, ᾧ ῥ' ἠπείλησεν ἄκαιρον
Μοῖρα τέλος ζωῆς, τὸ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἐθέλησεν ὁ Παίων.
Τὸν νοσερὸν γὰρ ὅδ' εἰδυίῃ θεράπευσε μερίμνῃ,
Τὴν Κῆρ' ἐξαπατῶν, καὶ ἀνήγαγεν αὖθ' ὑγιείαν.
Εἶχ' ὁ νέος χάριν, ἠδ' εὐεργεσίας ἀποτίνειν
'Ισχυρῶς ποθέων, καὶ ἔχων κτῆμ' οὐδὲν ἐν οἴκῳ
Πλὴν ἑνός, οὗ τὸ μέλος, γαίης ὅταν 'Ηριγένεια
Πείρατ' ἔτερψεν, ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν φυγάδ' ἔτρεπεν ὕπνον,
Τοῦτο φέρων ἐνὶ χερσὶ φίλῳ σωτῆρι δέδωκεν.

Ἰητρὸς μείδησεν, ἐπῄνεσε τὴν δόσιν, ἠδ' οἱ
Μειλιχίως εἶπεν, δέχομαι σὴν ἄσμενος ὄρνιν,
Εὔμορφον, λιγυρήν τε τόσως, καί τοι χάριν οἶδα
Ναὶ μάλα δὴ πολλήν, γενναῖον σπέρμα πενήτων!
Αλλὰ σύ γ' ἀντί μου οἰχομένου χρονίως ἀπὸ δήμου
Θρέψεις τὴν ὄρνιθα καλην, ἀδεής τε φυλάξεις·
Ἀλλὰ τροφῆς δαπάνην τῖσαί μοι, κοῦρε, προςήκει·
Ὡς φάτο· βῆ δ' ὁ νέος χαίρων, ἠδ' ὄρνις ἅμ' αὐτῷ.

XXV.

Γραῖα τις ἔντιμος,—καὶ νῦν ὀνομάζομεν αὐτὴν
　　Ἱστορίαν,—προγόνων ἔργ' ἐθέλησε λέγειν.
Οὕνεκα Μνημοσύνης μίαν εὔχετο Γραῖα θυγατρῶν,
　　Ὡς ἐπ' ἀληθείας ἂψ τὸ πάρος καλέοι·
Μνημοσύνης θυγάτηρ δύναμαι δέ σοι οὔτι παρεῖναι,
　　Τῇ γραίῃ Κλειὼ εἶπ' ἀπαμειβομένη.
Ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτη μοί γ' ἐστιν, Μοῦσα καὶ αὐτὴ,
　　Πλείη φαντασίας, ἄσκοπα τ' ὀσσομένη.
Ἀντὶ τόπων μνήμης ἰδέας σοι δώσει ὁμοίας·
　　Τὴν ποιοῦσι καλὴν μικτὰ τάδ' ἱστορίαν.
Καλλιόπη λόγον ἤκουσεν· Μούσας δ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
　　Σχήματα φαίνονται γράμμασιν Ἱστορίας.

XXVI.

Πολλάκις ἀνθρώπων ἔπεα, πτερόεντα καλεῖνται,
 Τῶν βέλτιστα σοφῶν οὐδὲν ἔχουσι τέλος.
Ἥμασιν ἡμετέροις θάλλει τὸ 'γνῶθι σεαυτόν.'
 Ἔστι νόμος πολλοῖς νῦν ἔτι 'μηδὲν ἄγαν.'
Κεῖται ἐπὶ γλῶσσαν ἄλλην τό γε 'μέτρον ἄριστον'·
 Εὕδει μὴ χαλεπῶς ὃς τάδε πάντα φιλεῖ.

XXVII.

Γυναῖκες, ὦ γυναῖκες! εὐδαίμων δοκεῖ
Ὅστις ποθ' ὑμᾶς οὐ μόνον νέος φιλεῖ
Ἔρωτος εἵνεκ', αὐτὰρ ὡς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ
Σέβει λαβούσας δῶρον ἄλλων ἔξοχον.
Ὦ χαῖρε, τιμῆς ἀξιώτατον γένος!
Ἐκ τῆσδε πηγῆς ἠθέων ἀνθρωπίνων
Τὸ χεῦμ' ἔκηλον αὔξεται καταῤῥέον.
Γυναῖκες, ὥσπερ κυμάτων ζωστὴρ ὅλην
Χθόν' ἀμφιβαίνων, ἱλάραις ψυχεῖ πνοαῖς

Τὰ πεῖρατ' αὐτῆς, τελμάτων τε λοίγια
Μιάσματ' αἱρεῖ, στηθέων ἐν βένθεσιν
Πλῆθος τρέφουσαι μειλίχων νοημάτων
Βίῳ δίδωσι φαιδρόνουν εὐεξίαν.
Τί δ' οὖν; γυναῖκες εἰσὶ τῶν ἀνδρῶν γένει
Ὥς ἐστι χέρσῳ πόντος·—ἄμφω σύμφοροι.

XXVIII.

Οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπου, φασὶν δ' ὅταν τις σύνδικος
Ὁρμῇ τε καὶ πλήθει δικάζηται λόγων,
Ὀγκᾶσθαι ἦρξε, μάργος ὡς, θύραζ' ὄνος.
Ἐνταῦθα πάντες ῥήτορος περιστάται
Τὸν δεινὸν ἐξήλαυνον θῆρα· Νήπιοι,
Ἔφη κριτῆς, τί δεδίατ'; ἔστ' ἠχὼ μόνον.

XXIX.

Πρέπει γυναιξὶν πάντα κοιρανειν ΈΣΩ·
ΘΥΡΑΖΕ πράσσειν ἐστὶ τῶν ἀνδρῶν μέρος.

XXX.

Ἐννέα τέξασθαι μελοποιοὺς εὔχεται Ἑλλάς·
    Ἀλκαῖος τούτων πρῶτος ἔην ἀρετῇ.
Αὐτὸς ἄρ' ἀνθρώποις ᾠδῆς νέον εἶδος ἔδωκεν.
    Οὐ χρόνον οὐ Λήθης δείδεε τὸν ποταμόν.
Τῷ ξίφει, ἠδὲ λύρῃ κόσμησεν πατρίδα νῆσον,
    Μείδησεν τ' αὐτῷ Μοῦσ' ἀέκητι Τύχης.
Τῷδε κασιγνήτη φρεσὶν ὥσπερ γείνετο Σαπφώ,
    Αὐτὴ ὁμῶς κεφαλὴν ἑσσαμένη στεφάνῳ.
Δύσμοροι ἄμφω· ὁ μὲν φεύγων πάτρης ἄπ' ἀνάγκῃ,
    Ἡ δὲ φιλοῦσα λίαν καί ῥα φιλοῦσα μάτην.
Ἀλκαῖέ, σοι δὴ νῦν τελέω φόρον,
Καὶ σᾶς ἀοιδᾶς χρησάμενος τύπῳ,
        Οὐ λαμβάνειν σὸν πνεῦμα θεῖον
            Ἐλπόμενος, λιγυράν τε μολπάν,
Σὸν δ' αἰὲν ἀσκεῖν ἱέμενος νόον.
Βέλτιστε τῶν νῦν, ὅστις ἄρ' ἦσθ', ἄγε,
        Μοῦσαν σεβόντων, ὦ, σὺν ἡμῖν
            Λείψανα τῶν προτέρων ἀγάλλοις.

XXXI.

Ἱρὸς ὅδ' ἐστι τόπος, πολύτιμον κτῆμα τὸ δόξας·
    Τίς γὰρ ἔθ' Ἑλλήνων οὐ Μαραθῶνα σέβει ;
Τίς καὶ ἔτι ξείνων πεδίον τόδε σεμνὸν ὁρᾶται,
    Οὐδέ τι συμπαθέος στήθεσιν αἰσθάνεται ;
Σὰς, Μαραθὼν, δόξας ὄμβροι, χρόνος, ἠδὲ θύελλαι
    Μνῆμα, τόσον περ ἐὸν, πᾶν φθινύθουσιν ἀεί.
Οὔτι σε τοίων χρεώ, μέγα κοιμητήριον ἀνδρῶν,
    Τ' οὐνόμαθ' ὧν μνήμη ζήσει ἐς αἴδιον.
Ἡρώων τέμενος τόδ' ἔχει φθίσις οὐδέποτ' αἰσχρή,
    Οὐ Λήθης τάρβει κύματα Μιλτιάδης·
Ἦ σὸν ἄνευ τύμβων, Μαραθών, κλέος ἐστι τελεῖον
    Ἐξ ὅτε σὴν Περσᾶν πλούτισεν αἷμα κόνιν.
Ἓν μόνον αἰσχύνει σε—μέγ' ἔθνεσι πᾶσιν ὄνειδος—
    Ὅττι σὺ τῶν κλεπτῶν ἦσθ' ἕδος ἀνδροφόνων.

XXXII.

Δοξάζειν προπετής τις ἀνήρ, ὅτε γαῖα νέαζεν,
    Ὀκνηροῖς πελάγου βῆ παρὰ θῖνα ποσίν,
Πολλὰ νόῳ φρονέων· μακρὴν πάπτηνε θάλασσαν,
    Ὠίσθη τε πέρην τὴν χθόνα λαὸν ἔχειν.

Ναίοντας συνάγειν ἑτέρωθεν ἐβούλετ', ἵν' ἄμφω
    Ποιῶνται κοινοῖς πράγμασιν ἐμπορίαν.
'Αλλά τιθῆκε νόῳ πόντου τὸ πελώριον εὐρύς,
    Κύματα, καὶ φλοῖσβον, τήν τε βίην ἀνέμων·
Οἱ δ' αὐτῷ δύσθυμος ἔφη· κενός ἐστιν ὄνειρος.
    Οὔποτε γάρ τις ὁδὸς κόλπον ἁλὸς ϖετάσει.
Πόντος καὶ ποταμοὶ μάλ' ἀνάρσιοί εἰσι βροτοῖσιν·
    Εἷς ὕδατος καθαροῦ γαῦλος ὄλεθρον ἔχει.
Αἱ δὲ νέες χρόνιαί ποθ' ὑπείρεχον ἶφι θαλάσσης,
    Καὶ φίλος ἀνθρώποις ὠκεανὸς γένετο.
῞Αλς ἀβάτη νῦν μὴν ἀκτῆς μεσσηγὺ καὶ ἀκτῆς
    Πλοῦτον τῶν ἔθνων, ἔθνεά τ' αὐτὰ φέρει.
Εἴδομεν ἐν τουτοῖς ἐννοίας δείγματα θείης·
    Ἔστιν ἐν ἐσσομένοις τυφλὸς ἄριστος ἀνήρ.

XXXIII.

Ἔστων δὴ μῦθοι Τροίη τε καὶ αὐτὸς Ὅμηρος,
    Κτῆμ' ἐς ἀεὶ Μουσῶν Γαῖα τὸ δῶρον ἔχει.

XXXIV.

Χαῖρε τᾶν Μουσῶν λιγυρὰ θεραπνὶς,
Ἧς ϖερ ἐν κόλποις ἀνέκειντο δισσαὶ
Ναὶ μὲν εὐμόρφου φλόγες, ἥ τ' ἔρωτος,
        Ἥ τ' ἄρ' ἀοιδῆς,

Δύσμορος χαῖρ', ἀθανάτη δὲ Σαπφώ!
Λεπτὰ τᾶς σᾶς δαιμονιᾶς μένουσι
Λείψαν' ἐν γαίᾳ φρενός, ἀλλ' ἕκαστον
Εἰς ἔτι καὶ νῦν

Γράμμα τῶν λοιπῶν ἰδίᾳ μὲν αὐγῇ,
Ὡς πάλαι, κίνουν τὸν ἔρωτα, λάμπει.
Αὐτὸς ἥβης ἱμερόεντι καιρῷ
Λεύκαδα πέτραν

Πλήσιον τ' εἶδον πέλαγος τὸ λυγρόν,
Ἔνθα τῆς φόρμιγγος ὁμοῦ πάτρας τε
Τὸ κλέος χερσ' αὐτομάταις ὄλωλεν.
Δὴ τότ' ἐν αἴθρᾳ

Ὑψοῦ, ὡς πῦρ λαμπετόων, κρεμάσθη
Ἕσπερος, παισὶν φίλος ἠδὲ κούραις.
Ἀμφὶ τῶν δένδρων κορυφὰς ἔπαιξεν
Πνεῦμα τὸ δείλης·

Οὐκ ἔθ' ἀγνὰ νυκτὸς Ἄνασσα γαίας
Πείρατ' εὐρείας κατέλαμψεν· ἄνδρες
Ἠδὲ καὶ θῆρες γλυκὺν ἠθέλησαν
Ὕπνον ἀωτεῖν.

Αὐτὰρ, ὦ Σαπφώ, ἐνὶ σαῖς ἄελλα
Μαίνεται δεινὰ φρέσιν· αἶψα θύνεις,
Αἴ! σε βάλλεις εἰς ἅλα—κῦμα φωνεῖ,—
Κῦμα σιωπᾷ.

Ἦδε καὶ φόρμιγξ ἐνὶ τῆς θανούσης
Χειρὶ θρηνώδης κατάδυσ᾽ ἰῶ, ποῦ
Ἦτε, δελφῖνες! μάλα τηλόσ᾽ ὥρᾳ
Τῇδε νέοντες.

Νῦν τινες μύθους τάδε φασὶν εἶναι·
Ψευδέων Φήμη γενέτειρα χερσὶν
Ποικίλαις μικτὰ σκέδασεν· τί δῆτ᾽ οὖν;
Χαίρετε, Μοῦσαι.

XXXV.

Πᾶν μικτὸν θνήσκει· φύσεως νόμος ἐστὶν ὅδ᾽ αὐτῆς·
Εἷς μόνος Ἄθανατος, διότ᾽ εἷς μόνος ἐστὶν ἄμικτος,
Τῷ Ὑπάτῳ ἑνότης, ἀρχὴ βιότοιο, προςήκει.
Οὐκ ἄρα δεῖ κόσμου μετέχειν Γεννήτορος ἀρχήν;
Γνῶσις ὅπου μερόπων, καὶ ὅπου φρενὸς ὄμμα κιχάνει
Ανθεα δὴ κάλλιστα, καὶ ἄλλα τὰ ποικίλα γαίης
Εἴδεα, παγκρατέος σαφέως μὴν ἔργα τὰ χειρός,
᾿Ανθρώπου τέρπουσιν ὁμῶς θυμόν τε καὶ αὐγάς.
Νῦν ἐπεὶ οὖν τόσα θαύματα, καὶ τόσ᾽ ἀγάλματα ῥίζας,

Ὡς δοκεῖ, ἐκ κοινῆς γίγνονται, θάμβος ἀήθης,
Ἄῤῥητόν τε σέβας μ' αἵρει φρονέοντα ταπεινῶς.
Ὦ δύναμις τοίοις ἅμα σὺν ποικίλμασιν ἁπλῆ!
Ὦ χρόνος ἐκτείνων βίοτον γενεαῖσιν ἐφεξῆς!

XXXVI.

Κεῖται Ἀλεξάνδρου που γῆς σῶμ' ἐστὶν ἄφαντον·
Τοὔνομ' ὅμως φωνεῖ πᾶσιν ἐνὶ στόμασιν.
Ὦ μέγας, ὦ μικρός, φαῦλον τέλος ὦ φιλοτίμων·
Τὸ κλέος ἡρώων οὐ σποδιῆς μελετᾷ.

XXXVII.

Πότνια Μῆτερ! ἐμοὶ μνήμης τὸ φίλιστον ἄγαλμα,
Οὐ μὲν ἄρ' ὀφθαλμοῖς, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀεὶ φανερὰ!
Ημασιν ἐν σκοτόεσσ' ὑπὲρ ὡς νεφελῶν μόνος ἀστήρ.
Ἡδύ τί μοι σιγᾷ νυκτὸς ἐν ἀμβροσίᾳ,
Ἐκ βρέφεος φωνὴ τοῖς ἐν θαλάμοισιν ἀκουστὴ
Μειλιχίης δύναμιν χωρὶς ἔχουσα νόου,
Μῆτερ ἐμὴ χαρίεσσα! γελῷ τὰ σὰ δάκρυα τυτθὸς
Εἶδον ἔτ' οὐ τὸ βάρος σῆς νοέων ὀδύνης.

Ὦ πόσις, Ὦ πάτερ, ὃν Θάνατος σύλησεν ἀκαίρως,
    Χήραν μητρὰ λιπών, υἱά τ' ἄνευ πατέρος!
Πότνια, φεῦ! δι' ἔτη πόλλ' αὐγᾶς σᾶς ἐρατεινᾶς,
    Ὦπα τ' ἄγαν λαμπρὴν χεῖρ' δνοφερὴ σκίασεν,
Εἵματα καὶ λύπης τὰ σὰ γυῖ' ὑγιέντα κάλυψεν,
    Σήματα πενθείης ὥστε βίος χρονίης.
Ἀλλά, γύναι στονόεσσα! τὰ δάκρυα κοινὰ γυναιξίν,
    Καὶ τ' ὀλίγων κῆδος πᾶν σκεδάσασα φρενῶν,
Ῥηϊδίως ἄρ' ἔπειτ', ἄλλος πόσις ὥστε, λέλαμπες·
    Χρήσιμος ἐν χερσὶν σαῖς τις ἔμεινε πόνος;
Σοῖς παίδεσσι πύλας φρονέως, ἀρετῆς τ' ἀνέωγες·
    Τ' οὔνομα τοῦ κλαυτοῦ μοι φίλον ἦν τὸ μέρος.
Οὐ σοὶ πνεῦμα μόνον, ζωῆς τε νοήματ' ὀφείλω,
    Ἀλλὰ μὲν εὐτυχέος δῶρα τὰ πάντα βίου.
Πότνια Μῆτερ, ἐμοὶ τοῦδ' ἐς τέλος οἰκτρὸν ὀνείρου,
    Ὡς καὶ νῦν, εἴης ἐν πραπίδεσσ' ἑτάρη!
Ὦ φρενός, εὐνοίας, μένεος τ' ὦ δεῖγμα περισσόν,
    Χαῖρε, φίλη Μῆτερ! χαῖρε σὺ Μῆτερ ἐμή!

ALLEVIATIONS OF AGE.

English Version.

I.

Life is the gift of God, a hallow'd source
Of human joys, if useful in its course.
But when no kindness cheers the lonely span,
It only fits the brute, and shames the man.

II.

The mind of one, with whom none else may vie,
Soars like an eagle right away on high;
Him nor disease nor want can bind to earth,
His the clear spirit of the skies from birth.
If one less gifted should the flight essay,
With Heav'n's consent he may achieve the way;
But many a heavy charge must tax his wits,
And weary toil that seldom intermits.
To both is giv'n the lot on care to feed;
The last earns praise, the foremost glory's meed.

III.

In life's rough game be some one if you can;
If blank your lot, be still an honest man.

IV.

Thy duty done, away, my friend, with care;
On the right path art thou,—stand firmly there.
Now, as of old, the best that pathway keep,
Whether on land they strive, or on the deep.
Admiring praise their living course attends,
Their tombs shall rot ere yet their memory ends;
To all, their actions point the rugged way,
To millions even of a distant day.

V.

When my song was of flowers in thought I confess'd
That of all their bright numbers, the rose is the
best,—
The many-leaved rose, ever breathing delight,
So sweet to the smell, and so pleasing to sight.

'Tis the glory of summer, a charm in the hand
Of the youngest and fairest, whate'er be the land.
To the zephyr it lends a soft freight of perfume,
And the nightingale sings when the rose is in bloom.
At the banquets of old what a lustre it shed
From the garland that circled each reveller's head.
And e'en in decay, when its leaves strew the floor,
Their fragrance survives, tho' its pride be no more.

VI.

A DONKEY brays, the country all around
Responds in echoes to the fearful sound.
The donkey thinks his brethren of long ears
Proclaim their sympathy by what he hears.

There lived a man whose folly was so great
Of his own deeds he never ceased to prate.
Whate'er he said, vile comrades cheer'd the same:
Oh! fool to think such flatt'ry could be fame!

VII.

Lo! Death stood nigh; on earth the body lay;
The soul on wings unseen hath flown away.
Deep groans of anguish thro' the chambers sound,
Tho' Heav'n, perchance, another guest hath found.

VIII.

Ten despots lord it o'er our earthly race,
Throned on the mind, a truly royal base.
The very names to pensive thought consign'd
Fall like a chilling shadow on the mind.
Anger is there, with Envy, Vengeance, Hate,
And Jealous Rage, blood only can abate.
Ambition, mother oft of wrongs and lies;
Foul Gluttony, fit inmate of the sties;
With Avarice mean, whose only God is gold,
And Lust, that sends whole flocks to Pluto's fold.
One passion more the Muse's roll must fill;
Who knows not Fear, of all the direst ill?
Fear drops the life it fain would never lose,
And adding shame to death the heart subdues.

IX.

Four brothers once, who dwelt in Grecian land,
Earn'd a fair livelihood by dint of hand.
Athenians all,—in pott'ry two were skill'd,
The other twain made arrows for the field.
Useful were both in turn for peace and war,
Living on joint account without a jar:
Thus in each season they found much to spare.
Oh, Mars! oh, Pallas! make such men your care.

X.

With strength of jaw the Lion fights or slays;
The Bull by horns his fury best displays;
With sword or spear the Warrior meets his foe;
The Sage disputes, and every word's a blow.
To man alone is giv'n the skill to make
Those arms which cause so many hearts to ache;
But, sure, so great an evil to redress,
His, too, is speech—to utter truth and bless.

XI.

Like a star in mid-heav'n the breastplate will
gleam,
When Glory thereon pours her own sparkling flood;
But the glad shouts of triumph meet Agony's
scream,
And the shields of the brave are oft stain'd with
their blood.

XII.

As once a tourist in some distant land
Approach'd a noble stream,—no map at hand,—
He saw a peasant near its bank, and cried,
"How call they, friend, yon river?" "Call!"
replied
The gaping rustic, "Never call'd at all:
Quite of himself he comes without a call."

XIII.

Should the cry, "*There's a lion!*" be heard, let it pass;
Oft the skin of a lion has cover'd an ass.
Look well to your flock ere the folding star rise,
For a wolf may creep in with a fleece for disguise.
Some bipeds are bears with no hide but their own,
And beauties of mind for a rough skin atone.

XIV.

Of Hope the fair sister, first-born of the year,
We hail thee, oh! Spring, of the seasons most dear.
Thou also, bright Summer, thy head wreathed with flowers,
Love and joy thy attendants, the song in thy bowers,
Art welcome in turn, and most welcome, we know,
To the archer who borrows thy beams for his bow.
Yet another fair season we love to salute,
When the earth yields its treasures of corn and of fruit;
When sacred to Pallas the oil-berry fills,
And the grape in rich clusters empurples the hills.

Alas ! that when Heaven's full bounties o'erflow,
That e'en while they wither the tinted woods glow,
Kind Autumn should sink into Winter's embrace,
Clad in robe of drift-snow, not a leaf in its place.
Yet mirth flashes out over darkness and frost,
And the festive board gains what the landscape hath
lost.

XV.

When hands and feet would take the foremost line,
"Hold there!" says Reason, "to be first is mine."

XVI.

Trust to no single chief unbridled pow'r:
Not one so good but he may shame the hour.

XVII.

Who seeks to rule a state, or only guide,
Some stock of Nature's lore should first provide,—
Some knowledge of those laws which bind the
spheres,
And order keep throughout the lapse of years.
Man forms a part of all created things,
And shares with all the lot their action brings.

XVIII.

If nought thou lovest save thyself, my friend,
Who with thy tears his own will ever blend?
Let young Benevolence at home remain;
His riper care his country may obtain.
Then plumed in full,—the peopled world for sphere,
No want, no grief, too distant, or too near.
With noblest aims, on wide-expanded wings,
From bounds too straiten'd now, aloft he springs,
And wins from those in Misery's sties who groan
A name surpass'd by Charity's alone.
On minds like his the dews of Heav'n descend,
And earth's best blossoms all their fragrance lend.

XIX.

When some bold spirit aims at sole command,
Democracy may save the menaced land.
Oh! then, the bulwark of a holy cause,
It guards the treasury, it guards the laws.
But when itself supreme it grasps the rein,
There flows from many heads but little gain:
Wild gusts of passion oft the Mob excite;
And Wisdom cowers and Justice takes to flight.

XX.

From Asia first, if truth belong to fame,
Tyrannic sway and superstition came.
Like plagues, perchance, Nile's land of monsters sent
To milder climes for nobler uses meant.
But when the baneful seeds, so wildly spread,
Struck the cold peaks of Græcia's mountain bed,
Where purest breezes 'round each summit play,
They stopp'd, declined, and pass'd at length away.
Then Europe's sons their mental fetters broke;
Then freedom, art, and every Muse awoke;
Then the great course of knowledge, broad and free,
Expanded lay to all, o'er land and sea.

XXI.

Of this our age the glory is to know,
But much to those of elder times we owe;—
Of thee, Palladian Athens! and of thee,
So long unconquer'd, Rome! the taught are we;—
Small teachers, ever, though in later days,
Should Heaven allow such modicum of praise,
To some barbarian race we may impart,
Mix'd with our own, the wealth of ancient art.

'Tis right we cherish then in age and youth
This wholesome lesson of undying truth,—
Keep what is good, improve it, if you may;
But vaunt not only what is born to-day.

XXII.

Freedom, dear mountain nymph, of birth divine,
No empty name, but solid worth is thine.
The town draws life, the country wealth from thee;
Whole nations act as one when they are free.
In storm, in strife, more buoyant are thy wings;
The move is onward, and from thee it springs.
Through depths of forest, o'er the wild sea-wave,
Paths to thy feet prophetic Nature gave.
'Tis well:—but name the man who, true to thee,
Is both in person and in practice free.
Here toil and want the struggling mind enchain,
There groans the victim of disease and pain.
Wine hath its bonds, in bonds the lover raves;
Some e'en to Liberty herself are slaves.
We prize her image, most adore it too;
Death only breaks the chains of vice and woe.

XXIII.

In words what man but sounds the praise of truth?
Who deems not falsehood shame in age or youth?
But tell me what is truth—a thing, a word?
Surely a thing; 'twere otherwise absurd.
A thing in substance, but in outward show
Changing so oft, its worth we scarcely know.
Fact, on the whole its better form appears,
But fact will vary as one sees or hears.
In some throng'd street a man falls down and
    dies,—
Numbers look on, but each with differing eyes;
All mean the truth, but on their several minds
Truth takes a character of various kinds.
Custom seems true, if long it bides the same;
Faith from the clouds a changeful spirit came.
Of painters one displays each separate part,
And dwells on every leaf with equal art;
Another takes the rule of light and shade,
His aim th' effect, as to the sight convey'd.
Thus dazzling lights the sober truth surround—
Its one pure fount in Heav'n alone is found.

XXIV.

In some far land, not very long ago,—
Precisely where, it boots not much to know,—
There lived a Doctor, of the healing art,
Skill'd in his mystery, most kind in heart;
So good indeed, his learning so profound,
He won the confidence of all around.
Near him there dwelt a poor unletter'd boy,
His widow'd mother's only care and joy.
The youth was ill, and had much cause to fear
An early death, perhaps within the year.
The Doctor pitied and resolved to save
A life so young, if aught could cheat the grave.
His skill prevail'd; the rescued patient yearn'd
To show the wish that in his bosom burn'd.
But how could he fulfil the generous thought?
Subsistence he might earn—beyond was nought.
Oh! yes: one gem, one only he possess'd,
A darling bird, a songster from the nest,
Whose thrilling notes at peep of morning's ray
Chased his light sleep and sweetly hail'd the day.
It cost a pang, but after one fond look
Straight to the Doctor bird and cage he took.

The Doctor smiled, the proffer'd bird admired,
With golden beak and jetty plumes attired;
And then, "Young friend," said he, with gentle
touch,
"Your gift is welcome and I prize it much.
Though born in want, a noble heart is thine,
And proud am I to call thy fav'rite mine.
But duty often calls me far from home,
And who will tend the darling while I roam?
That, child, do you; continue as before
To keep your treasure; I will pay the score;
'Tis right I should, and you, my grateful boy,
The song you love so much shall still enjoy."
Home went the lad, half doubting what he heard,
But joyful still, and in his hand the bird.

XXV.

In days of old a venerable dame,—
Who knows not still Historia's classic name?—
Would fain record, what else might seldom last,
The deeds and fates of generations past.
And in her zeal for truth devoutly pray'd
To Memory's daughters for the needful aid.

Clio, though mindful of her birth, declared
That she her mother's gift had poorly shared;
But one there was, her sister, and a muse,
Whose aid, if granted, she might fitly use.
In Memory's place, a treach'rous friend at best,
Her sister's mind far better gifts possess'd;
Imagination, rich in native light,
And power to see what baffled vulgar sight.
"Such aids," she added, "will your labour ease,
And truth in fancy dress'd is sure to please."
The hint sufficed, Calliope was kind;
And epic wonders charm'd her suppliant's mind.
Hence most historians e'en to this our day
Show that her counsels were not thrown away.

XXVI.

Words have been oft described as wing'd for flight;
Those of the Sage are seldom lost to sight.
To *know thyself* is still a theme at school;
Avoid too much for many is the rule.
On living tongues, in homely terms express'd,
Lies the trite phrase, that *moderation's best.*
Such texts are wisdom's own,—a moral spell;
He sleeps not ill who lives and keeps them well.

XXVII.

Women! oh, women! thrice happy I deem
The man who not only in youth's fairy dream
Loves you all for love's sake, but your charms can
revere
As fraught with a something from Heav'n's own
sphere.
Of all things created the Fair Sex I hail
As most to be honour'd where honours prevail.
From them, still increasing, as downward it flows,
The current of gentle humanities rose.
How pure is the breeze, that by Nature's
command,
From the vast belt of waters embracing the land
Streams inward at times to refresh the foul air,
Which earth and its crowds have between them
to share,
And scatters the seeds of corruption most found
Where pools ever stagnant and jungles abound.
In Woman's fond bosom all charities dwell,
And blest is their feeling for hearts that rebel.
Their influence chastens; where long it has reign'd,
The sternest are soften'd, the wildest restrain'd.
What then? why 'tis clear that, as ocean to land,
So Women to Man in their purity stand.

XXVIII.

'Tis said that once an advocate of note
Who made in words a beam of every mote,
While pleading in full court, was much dismay'd
When loud and long outside a donkey bray'd.
Anon his friends with zealous haste arose
To check th' intruder and the windows close.
"Hush!" said the judge, in accents low, yet clear,
"'Tis but the echo; you have nought to fear."

XXIX.

O'er household cares 'tis meet that Women reign:
The world's vast range without is Man's domain.

XXX.

Nine ancient bards renown'd for lyric song
To thy proud annals, Greece! of right belong.
Of these Alcæus holds the foremost place;
Nor time, nor loss, his merit can efface.
With sword and lyre he served his native isle,
And won, though fortune frown'd, the Muse's smile;
In Sappho's genius found a sister mind,
And with her kindred bays his own entwined.

Sad was her doom—the bitter pain
To love too much, and love in vain,—
    Her cure the salt-sea wave:
And his the exile's lot to bear,
With few to pity, none to share,
    His last, best friend the grave.

Alcæus! here to thee I pay
The tribute of a passing lay:
    Alas! how deep the shame
That yet, while gifted minstrels breathe,
No brighter flowers than mine should wreathe
    Thy never-dying name!

XXXI.

Thrice hallow'd spot, time-honour'd seat of Fame,
What Greek but venerates so proud a name?
What stranger, Marathon, thy soil can tread
Nor feel some touch of kindred feeling bred?
Time and its storms have done their worst to drown
Each local record of thy vast renown;
But what are tombs, and mounds, and tow'rs to thee,
Dear home of every thought from self most free,

Where all who fought, and most where all who fell
On that great day which sounded Persia's knell
In thee still live where'er the patriot's love
Glows into flame approved by saints above?
Where heroes rest corruption has no sway;
Thy name, Miltiades! surmounts decay.
Miltiades!—a word ordain'd to shine
Undimm'd, unrivall'd, in th' eternal shrine.
One only shame in lapse of years may stain
Thy own—thy Marathon's triumphant plain.
Grant Heav'n that ne'er the robber's murd'rous hand
May with foul blot that field of glory brand!

XXXII.

Once, when the world was young, a man of thought
Paced the sea-beach with many a question fraught;
He watch'd the billows as they rose and fell,
And strove to figure who beyond might dwell.
As fancy work'd, he turn'd from side to side,
Uniting all who border'd on the tide,
Not slaves to force or all-subduing need,
But leagued in peace, from want and envy freed.

Yet with a sigh he brought his eyes to bear
On the vast world of waters welt'ring there ;
Then, toss'd by imaged fears of surge and storm,
Of perils dress'd in many a chilling form,
His mind gave way : " 'Tis all a dream," he said ;
" Across that flood no path can e'er be laid.
Rivers and seas to man are both unkind ;
A bowl well fill'd might drown the stoutest hind."
At length on sea the canvas wings were spread,
And ocean ceased to be a thing of dread ;
The pathless element from shore to shore
Man's wealth of art, and e'en its owners bore.
Oh ! wondrous Heav'n ! what mercy join'd with might !
How short, how dim, the range of human sight !

XXXIII.

Tho' Priam's Troy, and Homer's self were deem'd
Mere tales by one or many poets dream'd,
A matchless prize mankind would still enjoy—
The Muse's gift, that time can ne'er destroy.

XXXIV.

Sweet handmaid of the Muses,
Whose ardent bosom nourish'd
A double flame, uniting
Those of Love and Song!
Ill-fated, but immortal,
Take, Sappho, take my greeting!
Few relics Time hath left us,
Of thy genius few;
But even now each remnant
Retains its native lustre,
And stirs the heart as ever
In the days of yore.
Myself in youth's bright summer
Beheld the rock so famous,
And those sad waves beneath it,
Where, with madden'd will,
The glory of her country,
The darling of the Muses,
She gave to death a being
Greece may still deplore.

In æther clear did Hesper
Hang out his golden banner,
A beaming lamp to all, who
Love the twilight hour.
Around the topmost branches
Play'd—softly play'd—the Zephyrs,
Ere yet the night's chaste Queen had
Edged with sheen the woods.
'Twas near the hour of slumber
To weary toil so welcome;
But, Sappho, in thy bosom
Anger burn'd with grief:
High swell'd the storm of passion.
She rushes,—ah! she plunges!
Far down the salt-wave flashes,
And again is still.
With her the lyre uplifted
Sank, moaning sank.—Ye dolphins,
So needed then,—ah! whither,
Whither had ye stray'd?
'Tis all a myth, say many:
Well, Fame is false, and Fancy
Tints every truth:—what matters?
Hail! ye Muses, hail!

XXXV.

All compounds die; 'tis nature's old decree;
One only dies not; uncompounded He.
To Him,—the Highest,—unity adheres—
A principle of life outlasting years.
Child of His thought, the Universe entire
Must sure partake the nature of its Sire,—
Be one in principle that knows no change,
Though free with time through countless shapes
to range.
Far as the sight or mental aim can reach,
Forms of transcendent beauty,—marvels each,—
And each the work of an Almighty hand,
Our eyes delight, our very souls command.
If all these charms, as much would seem to show,
To one same root their varied natures owe,
Well may our wisest mark the wondrous law
With strange astonishment and speechless awe.
Oh! simple pow'r with boundless change allied!
Oh! time that apes by change th' eternal tide!

XXXVI.

Who knows where Alexander's dust is laid,
Though from all mouths the mighty name is bray'd?
How great! how little! Lo! when heroes die,
E'en Glory cares not where their ashes lie.

XXXVII.

Dear saint, whose image, though long years have fled
Since thou wert number'd with the viewless dead,
Still with my heart's best treasures holds a place
Time fondly hallows, nor can e'er efface;
Oh! seen in days of heaviness afar,
As through some op'ning cloud the single star,
And e'en when night serener hours hath brought
Diffusing balm on sleep's unfetter'd thought;
I hail thee now, ere life quite ebbs away,
And this last tribute to thy virtues pay.
Beloved and honour'd! what in youth thy bloom
The limner's art hath rescued from the tomb:
While yet my new-born sense no thought could frame,
Thy gentle voice confirm'd a mother's claim;

When thro' the mist of grief thine eyes look'd down
On love's last pledge, more precious than a crown,
With infant laughter I that look return'd,
Nor guess'd what pangs within thy bosom burn'd.
Husband and Father,—both at one fell blow!
Peace wreck'd at home, the world a world of woe!
For many a year one desolating trace
Dimm'd the clear eye and marr'd the genial face;
For many a year the weeds of mourning told
How love by sorrow harden'd grows not old.
But soon the tears not Heav'n itself could chide
And all foreboding cares were dash'd aside;
Thoughts nursed by hope thy bosom nobly stirr'd;
What purpose flagg'd when Duty's call was heard?
Thy children found the paths to knowledge clear'd;
My lot his name so mourn'd and so revered;
To thee not life,—not life alone I owe,
But all in life's career of brightest glow.
Oh! loved and honour'd! to that life's last beat,
Dwell, e'en as now, in memory's faithful seat!
Oh! type of those who most by worth excel,—
In one dear word, my Mother, fare thee well!